

The Letter That Came Too Late.

The following beautiful and touching lines were written during the war by Col. W. S. Hawkins, an officer in the Confederate army. The "dead comrade" alluded to was a young Georgian who, when the war broke out, was engaged to be married to one of the most beautiful and brilliant belles of Savannah, and the letter referred to was written by this young lady to her lover. It showed unmistakable evidence that the flame of love had ceased to burn for him, and indicated in a manner too plain to be misunderstood that the heart which had promised to love and be true forever, had already yielded to the blandishments of another. It was a cold, cruel, heartless letter, altogether different from any that she had before written; it spoke of brilliant balls she had lately attended and dwell with ill-concealed rapture upon the innumerable perfections of a certain colonel she had met, telling of his exquisite manners, graceful dancing, marvelous conversational powers, etc., Virginia. This letter was received a few hours after the death of him to whom it was written.

Your letter, lady came to late,
For Heaven had claimed its own:

Ah sudden change—from prison bars
Unto the great white throne!
And yet I think he would have stayed,

To live for his disdain,
Could I have read the careless
"You have sent in vain."

So little patience did he wait,
Through many a weary hour,
That o'er his simple soldier's faith
Not even death had power.
And you—did others whisper low
Their homages in your ear?
As though among that shallow
"spirit had been!"

Did that you were by me
Now,
To draw thy sheet aside,
And see how pure the look he wore

The moment when he died,
The sorrow that you gave him
Had left its weary trace,
As 'twere the shadow of the cross.

Upon his pallid face,
"Her love," he said "could
change for me,
The winter's cold to spring."

Ah trust of fickle maidens' love,
They art a bitter thing,
For when these valleys bright, in
May,

Once more in blossoms wave,
The northern violets shall blow
Above his humble grave.

Your dote of scanty words has
been
But one more pang to bear,
For him who kissed unto the last
Your tress of golden hair,
I did not put it where he said,
"For, when the angles come,
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in the tomb."

I've read your letter, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And grieved it—cruel thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give

For what is worthless all;
What manly bosoms beat for them
In folly's falsest thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now
His sorrow has an end;
Yet would that you could stand
with me
Beside my fallen friend—
And I forgive you for his sake,
As he—if it be given—
May e'en be pleading grace for you

the court of Heaven,
old winds whistle
? dead-house,
me to weep,
in holds his

form,
Yet death exalts his face,
And I would rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your home may shine
with lights,
And ring with merry song,
And you be smiling, as your soul
Had done no deadly wrong;
Your hand so fair that few would
think

It penned these words of pain,
Your skin so white—would God
your heart
Were half as free from stain!

Gorilla Winner In Two Minutes.

New Iberia, La. Feb. 4.—A battle to death between a gorilla and an English bulldog, in which the gorilla was the victor, was fought here with almost the entire male population of New Iberia as spectators. Much money was waged on the result, with the gorilla the favorite.

A pen twelve feet square and eight feet high, with seats on all sides, was arranged for combat. Two minutes after the dog and gorilla were placed into the pen the dog was dead.

The dog leaped at the gorilla immediately after being placed into the pen. The gorilla caught the dog just as a man catches a baseball, then bit quickly through the dog's skull into the brain, broke its back and tore it to pieces.—Evening Post.

Success.

Never talk or think of failure or adversity. Be determined to succeed, and permit no thought or word to suggest anything else. No matter if things today go wrong. This shall also pass away. The world is your friend though it may seem at times to be against you. The world seems to be against you because you have not met the world in the right way. Change yourself. Be a friend to everybody—the whole world. Expect everybody to be good to you, and desire constantly to be of real service to man. And ere long fate will change. Believe that everybody is against you, and rub them all the wrong way. Know that the true side of mankind is a true friend to every aspiring soul, and then place yourself in touch with the ideal in man; meet only his better side, and your life, as well as the life of the world, is made richer thereby. Never think nor speak of failure nor adversity. Think success, speak success, breath success, attract success, live success, and be saturated through and through with absolute faith in your own success. Believe that the world is for you, that nothing is against you; and so your faith is so shall it be unto you.—Eternal Progress.

Heavy Cost To The City.

New York, Feb. 8.—The city of New York made Lord and Lady Denchies a wedding gift of \$880. It does not appear in any of the lists, but this sum represents the time value of the police service given during the four hours that the church was open and the three hours additional occupied in the reception at the Gould home.

Altogether 264 men were detailed for service in this connection. A deputy commissioner gave \$20 worth of time to the assignment, three inspectors gave \$30 worth, two captains gave \$14 worth seven lieutenants and eight sergeants gave \$70 worth, and 193 patrolmen, together with fifty plain clothes men, brought the total up to \$880.

How Immigrants Carry Money.

One of the queerest sight, says an exchange, is to see how different immigrants carry their money.

Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket as they would a watch.

Irishmen always have a little

canvas in which notes and coin are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses.

Germans carry their money in a belt around their waists, the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrants may be.

The French mostly carry a small brass tube, in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces, which can be removed very rapidly one at a time.

There are few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube, in which they keep paper money or silver coins, and this tube hung around the neck by a small chain or cord.

The Slavonians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork and spoon.—Forward.

WANTED.

The name, date of birth and birth place of every man and woman in Morgan county 80 years old and over. We want to compile a few statistics and will be obliged to any of our readers who will send us the name of any acquaintance of theirs who has reached the age of four score. Address
COURIER, West Liberty, Ky.

Which Are You?

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better today." The other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose.

Two children, looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue;" the other said, "It is bright."

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil. Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."—Ex.

Turn Backward, Oh Time.

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight, make me a boy again, just for tonight. Give me the bliss of that rapturous time, when I would go swimming, say, half of the time; give me the bliss that followed the bliss on the part of my back the sun didn't miss; give me the belting that followed it then; make me a jubilant urchin again. Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight, give me one chance at the teacher to-night, the teacher that larrupped me five times a day, oh, give me one chance at that teacher, I say! And give me the woodpile as big as a hill; let the pleasures of a splitting it cheer me and thrill, while the boys gayly cheer me from over the fence. O, give me that bliss again—darn the expense! The small reservation, just over the hill, where the thought of hoeing would give me a chill; the cow that caressed me each eve with her tail as I tried to draw milk for a twenty-quart pail; the hens that forever were wanting to set; the pig with a stomach that man never filled yet; the measles that hit; the colicky pain—oh, give me that bliss of my boyhood again! If you'll fill me with rapture and cheerful delight, backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight.—Ex.

Tomorrow never comes; neither does yesterday.

DOGGON IT ALL.

Doggone it all; I wish that I was someone else's kid. I wish my last name wasn't Brown, but Jones or Smith instead;

I bring home three fine pups today, an, say, I got 'em free. But Mom has ordered 'em away; she's mean as she can be.

While I was walkin' down the street a colored man I know Says, "Billy, come on home with me—it's jest a block or so; I got a lot of pups up there I want to have you see."

I went with him an' seen the dogs; says he, "Take two or three."

Now, Mom says I must give 'em back; by Joe! I don't see why;

She's got two babies in the house an' all they do is cry: These pups has got a lot of sense; her babies ain't got none; Doggone it all; I wish that I was some one else's son.

—Denver Post.

Stockyards Are Burned.

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 16.—Fire which originated from an unknown source in the main barn of Gentry & Thompson's Stockyards at 1080 West high street, at midnight, completely destroyed every building on the ground except the office, burned to death sixty horses and forty mules and caused a loss of about \$100,000, partially covered by insurance.

Plant patience in the garden of thy soul! The roots are bitter, but the fruits are sweet;

And when, at last, it stands a tree complete,
Beneath its tender shade the burning heart

And burden of the day shall lose control—
Plant patience in the garden of thy soul!—Masonic Home

Johnnie.

"Yes'm!"

"Why are you sitting on that boy's face?"

"Why, I—"

"Did I not tell you to always count a hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy?"

"Yes'm, and I'm doin' it; I'm jest sittin' on his face so he'll be here when I'm done countin' the hundred."—Houston Post.

First Jury Cast.

A noted case tried in the reign of the conqueror, with Otho, bishop of Bayeux, presiding as judge, has been erroneously supposed to be the first jury case on record. A dispute had arisen about certain lands, to which the sheriff laid claim on behalf of the king. All the men in the county were assembled and sworn to say the truth. Eventually they found for the sheriff. The judge, dissatisfied with the verdict directed the men of the county to choose out of their number 12, who should upon their oaths, confirm the verdict if they saw fit. This they did. Authorities now agree, however, that the chosen 12 were not jurors, but merely compurgators, sworn to give evidence. The legal existence of jurors was first recorded under the Plantagenets.—Ex.

Days and Nights.

There's nothing finer than getting up early in the morning and feeling new all over. The night should refresh one, make one fit for the day's duties and joys.

Instead of using the night for recuperation, however,

too many of us seem to think the night was particularly created for pleasure, more or less legitimate.

The things we do in the daytime never bring us the regret, the disappointments, the morbidity, the sorrows and the extravagance that our night doings result in. The daylight doesn't bring the crow's-feet, the sunken eyes, the pallor of skin, the prematurely gray hair, that are the heritage of too much living in the glare of artificial lights.—Edna K. Wooley, in Toledo Blade.

Cost of Modern War.

The Anglo-German crisis is only one phase of the question in which every nation, America included, is vitally concerned. The impoverishment of the world by war—even by war which is never fought—is the most imminent evil now threatening the race.

It costs \$10,000,000 to build a warship of the latest type. Each broadside fired by such a vessel in practice or at an enemy costs \$10,000, and her guns are capable of discharging six rounds a minute.

The construction of these marine monsters is proceeding at the utmost capacity of the dockyards and foundries of the entire world. The peace taxes of the present are already heavier in the aggregate than the burden imposed to carry on any war in history.

A recent query sent out as to the cost of saving a soul in Chicago brought some interesting answers. It was found that the Mormons figured on spending \$1,500 for every person converted, whereas the Volunteers of America set the cost as low as \$5. These were the highest and lowest prices named.

A Boy on the British Empire.

There is a lad in Boston, the son of a well-known writer of history, who has evidently profited by such observations as he may have overheard his father utter touching certain phases of British empire-building. At any rate, the boy showed a shrewd notion of the opinion not infrequently expressed in regard to the righteousness of British occupation. "It was he who handed in the following essay on the making of a British colony:

"Africa is a British colony. I will tell you how England does it. First she gets a missionary; when the missionary has found a specially beautiful and fertile tract of country, he gets all his people round him and says, 'Let us pray,' and when all the eyes are shut, up goes the British flag."—Harper's.

The Superior S. C. Generally a woman's reason for doing a thing is she hasn't any; and it turns out much better than with a man who has.—New York Press.

French Writer's Idea. It is often women who inspire us with the great things that also will prevent us from accomplishing.—Alexander Dumas.

Courier, \$1 a year in advance.

DISPERSING CLOUDS.

"Cloud-shooting" is becoming a regular form of artillery practice in many European countries, the object of this atmospheric gunnery being to dispel threatened hailstorms. The most recent form of gun is a funnel-shaped barrel of iron with a broad muzzle, so that the discharge shall be distributed over as large a space as possible. The effect of the discharge is to create a small but powerful whirlwind, which, it is found, disperses clouds that would otherwise descend in hail. So strong is the gust of wind sent upward that it sometimes kills or disables birds flying at great height overhead.

LANGUAGE OF SCIENCE.

"I must say," remarked the plain everyday man, "that I feel as if I had a cold in the head. And I'm so hoarse I can hardly speak."

"I see," answered the scientist. "You are suffering from a slight catarrh, causing congestion of the mucous membrane and suffusion of the optical organs, and inducing a somewhat phlogistic condition of the epiglottis. Perhaps, however, you had better send for a physician."

"Send for a physician? No. I don't want a doctor. Send for an interpreter."

WOMAN'S SPUR.

"The scent was excellent last frosty morning. She walked across the field, holding her riding skirt free of her patent leather boots and silver spurs."

"Spurs?" shouted the editor. "What are you, man?"

"Spurs," the puzzled author repeated. "Don't they wear spurs nowadays? I know they used to."

"Women never wear spurs unless they ride astride. They wear one spur—one only. What good would a second be, except to tear the clothes?"

"I see," said the other. "A natural error, wasn't it?"

"Only a natural error for an ignoramus. But the usual writer of sporting stories is an ignoramus. I rarely read a sporting story but I come across some error quite as blatant as this of yours."

THE BURIAL OF FRAGMENTS OF OLD COPIES OF THE LAW.

In April, says the Jewish Comment, the Jewish population of Rousschouk celebrated a most picturesque religious ceremony, repeated every ten years—the burial of Genizah—that is to say, of the fragments of old copies of the law. A large tent is erected in the cemetery, and several rows of shafts are placed in front of it. A sooty ark is built in which will be placed the remains of the sacred writings. Near this spot, in a sort of mortuary chamber, are placed about 200 bags holding the above-named papers. The public comes in-crowds. In the front row are seated the religious functionaries.

The chief rabbi delivered an address, in which he recalled the aim, the origin of the ceremony. The moment a book, he explained, is out of use we ought to pay it the last respects. The Shulehan Aruch commands this. Do we not owe to these living texts the honors that we pay to our dead parents? Is not the sacred literature a mother who has rocked us, raised us as her children? These texts are the word of God pronounced on Mount Sinai, for the performance of which so many illustrious men in ancient times gladly sacrificed their lives. Buried in the cemetery, these venerable remains will watch over the dead, will come to life again with them. The burial of the Genizah has another, more important aim—to draw the Jews to the graveyard, there to suggest to them salutary reflections on the vanity of human things.

The discourse done, the bags are carried into the ark by those called upon to do so. A chazan rises and puts up at auction the opening of the Pereketh. Then comes the sale of the bags. Their price varies from ten to twenty francs. Twenty, thirty or fifty of them may be sold at once; it depends on who procures this "mitzvah." At last they leave the ark. All those carrying sacks march to a pit previously hollowed out for the purpose. Then the pit is filled up. Some weeks afterward a stone will be placed there with words "Genizah of the Year 1901. Rousschouk." The ceremony is completed by a banquet given to the rabbi and all the religious officers. Will these sacred leaves, inscribed with the divine name, come to life with the dead? The problem is too full of mystery for us to attempt a solution. Subscribe for your county paper.

"Dixie" And Its Author.

Daniel Decatur Emmet, minstrel and song writer, did a great many things in his time, but he will be remembered for just one, the writing of "Dixie." It was a great achievement, though he did not know it at the time, and since his death, a few weeks since, some efforts have been made to rob him of his deserved laurels. These efforts largely through the endeavor of Charles B. Galbreath, librarian of the Ohio State Library, have been defeated. "Uncle Dan's" authorship of the words and music of the famous song is now recognized in the South as well as in the North, and a movement is on foot in the South to provide a fitting monument for his grave at Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

"Dixie" who has ever heard it without feeling the inspiration of its quick movement and its pleasing melody? It was written as a "walk around," one of the features of the old time minstrel show of which Emmett was a member. One Saturday night in the winter of 1859, Dan Bryant, one of the proprietors of the show then appearing in New York City, told Emmett that he should expect him to have a new "walk around" the following Monday. The weather was most inclement, and as Emmett thought of the task that had been set him, the wish to be in a pleasanter clime crept into his mind. It was but an inspiration.

and the task, and so came like a flash the words, "I wish I was in Dixie." It is not clear whether or not the music was wholly original with Emmett, but the probability is that it was an adaptation of a plantation melody that he had heard, at least in part.

"Dixie" was a success from the start. It caught the fancy of everybody who heard it, and it flew as only such music can. Then came the war and the South, needing a battle hymn, adopted it. It rang in camp, on the march and in battlefield and cheered many a heart there and in the homes that were left behind. It performed a great service and is now one of the treasured songs of the reunited nation, the music, if not the words, ranking with that of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the one being very generally regarded as the complement of the other.—The Knight.

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